DELL

FEBRUARY

15¢

Looney Tunes

SPEEDY ALTERATIONS

PORKY

A RIPPING TIME

GEE! THOSE DISHES DIDN'T EVEN BUDGE!

SHUCKS! ANYBODY CAN DO IT! I'LL SHOW YOU!

ZIP!

NOT WITH **MY** DISHES YOU WON'T!

I WON'T NEED DISHES! DON'T WORRY!

ANYTHING WITH WEIGHT WILL DO —— LIKE A PILE OF MAGAZINES AND TELEPHONE BOOKS!

THE INERTIA OF THE BOOKS WILL KEEP THEM FROM MOVING PROVIDED THE TABLECLOTH IS PULLED FAST ENOUGH!

THE WHOLE TRICK LIES IN GIVING IT A GOOD, *FAST*...

YANK!

RIP!

Bugs Bunny

The TRIP TO TWOSOME

I SEE IT, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT! BUGS BUNNY HOPPING AROUND LIKE A KANGAROO!

WHEE! HOORAY!

POW!

BUMP!

WHY THE BOUNCE, BUGS?

READ THIS AND YOU'LL BOUNCE, TOO! IT'S FROM A LAWYER!

BUMP!

"MR. BUGS BUNNY — THIS IS TO INFORM YOU OF YOUR LATE UNCLE BOSCO'S WILL...

WHEE!

BUMP!

"YOU HAVE BEEN LEFT THIRTY THOUSAND ACRES OF CARROTS IN TWOSOME, TEXAS!...

YIPPEE!

BUMP!

L.T. #232-612

"P.S. SEE MAP ENCLOSED!"

HOORAY!

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WELL, I'LL BE A RINGA DING DING!

WHEE!

BUMP!

BUMP!

WOWEE!

SPROING!

POW!

SEE? I TOLD YOU IT WOULD MAKE YOU BOUNCE!

YIPPEE!

?

SPROING!

THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG HERE! THAT'S TOO MUCH OF A REACTION. OVER *MY* GOOD FORTUNE!

HOT DOG! YEE-HOO!

WHEE!

AREN'T YOU OVERDOING IT JUST A BIT, DOC?

POW!

I MEAN CARROTS ARE GREAT FOR RABBITS, BUT...

WHO CARES ABOUT CARROTS? JUST LOOK AT THE MAP!

BUMP!

HMMM...I DIDN'T SEE THIS NOTE ON THE MAP — "ACCORDING TO THE LATEST SURVEY, THIS PROPERTY HAS MORE OIL PER ACRE THAN ANY OTHER AREA IN TEXAS!"

OIL?

YOU'RE RICH, BUGSY, OLD PAL!

BUMP!

(GULP!) OH, THIS IS TERRIBLE!

TERRIBLE?

THOSE BEAUTIFUL CARROTS...THEY'LL BE *RUINED* IF WE DIG OIL WELLS!

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? YOU CAN BUY MORE!

BUT WHAT RABBIT NEEDS MORE THAN THIRTY THOUSAND ACRES OF CARROTS?

HMMM! YOU'VE GOT A POINT THERE, BUGS!

TELEGRAM FOR MR. BUGS BUNNY!

THAT'S ME! PAY HIM, PORKY!

?

PAY HIM? BUT *YOU'RE* THE ONE THAT'S RICH!

I ONLY HAVE CARROTS, REMEMBER?

WHAT DOES IT SAY, BUGS?

UH-OH!

THIS IS HORRIBLE, PORKY—IT'S FROM THE SHERIFF OF TWOSOME!

WELL, WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS IT?

A GANG OF OIL RUSTLERS ARE DRILLING IN MY CARROTS!

GOSH!

THE SHERIFF SAYS HE'S ON ANOTHER CASE AND IS UNABLE TO GO AFTER THE OIL RUSTLERS! HMM!

COME ON, PORKY, WE'RE HEADING FOR TEXAS! TO THE AIRPORT— *CHARGE!*

SOON ... JETTING ACROSS COUNTRY...

OWHOOOOSH!

ULP!

?

WE'RE LANDING IN TEXAS ALREADY, BUGS!

HOW CAN YOU TELL?

WHERE ELSE DO PLANES LAND ON CATTLE? HEH!

TWOSUMS AIRPORT

MOO!

MOO!

LOOK, PORKY... A WELCOMING COMMITTEE OF ONE!

HOWDY!

I WANT TO WELCOME YOU BOYS TO TWOSOME AND INVITE YOU TO A PARTY!

WHAT A FRIENDLY THOUGHT!

YEAH!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!

WHAT KIND OF PARTY IS THIS?

A NECKTIE PARTY!

(GULP!) BUT WHY?

SIMPLE, RABBIT! I'M THE PEST THAT'S BEEN STEALING OIL OFF OF YOUR CARROT RANCH!

!

NOW WE'LL JUST RIDE OUT TO THE RANCH AND START THE FUN, EH, BOYS? (CHUCKLE!)

WAIT A MINUTE, DOC!

THERE'S ONLY *ONE HORSE!* WHAT DO *WE* RIDE?

THAT'S SIMPLE!

YOU RIDE THE *GROUND*, OF COURSE! GIDDY YAPP!

OUCH!

OOF!

POW!

BUMP!

(CHUCKLE!) THE BOYS WILL REALLY GET A KICK OUT OF THIS PARTY!

GULP!

I'D RATHER BE GOING TO A *BIRTHDAY* PARTY!

YEAH! NECKTIE PARTIES CAN BE A PAIN IN THE... (ULP!)...NECK!

LOOK, BUGS, OIL WELLS!

AND IN *MY* CARROTS!

HERE WE ARE!

HOW'S THE OIL HOLDING OUT, BOYS?

?

GREAT, CHIEF!

WE'RE ABOUT TO DRILL ANOTHER WELL!

GO AHEAD, SLIM!

HMM! I DON'T SEE ANY DRILLING EQUIPMENT!

?

DON'T NEED ANY... WATCH!

WE JUST SHOOT OIL FROM THE GROUND!

WHOOSH!

BLAM!

POW!

BANG!

WHY, THAT'S AMAZING!

IMPOSSIBLE!

THAT'S NOTHING! WATCH THIS!

GOSH! OIL JUST BY PULLING A CARROT OUT OF THE GROUND!

PLOOP!

WE CAN KICK IT FROM THE GROUND!

SPURT!

SHOVEL IT FROM THE GROUND!

HOLD IT, CHIEF!

WELL?

WE'D BETTER CAP THESE WELLS! WE'RE LOSING OIL!

RIGHT, SLIM! LET'S GET TO IT!

WHAT ABOUT THESE TWO?

?

BOX 'EM!

OH-OH!

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

NOW YOU KNOW!

GULP!

NOW WHAT, BUGS?

WE ESCAPE, OF COURSE!

ESCAPE? HOW?

EASY! FOLLOW ME!

WHAT'S THAT?
FEELS LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE!
RUMBLE!
OR MOLES!
HMMM! SOMETHIN' FISHY HERE!
RUMBLE!
BAM!
POW!

HA! JUST AS I THOUGHT!

AFTER THEM, BOYS! THE PRISONERS HAVE DUG OUT!
TO THE HORSES, MEN! QUICK!

OH-OH! THEY'RE WISE TO US, PORKY!
THERE'S A TOWN UP AHEAD, BUGS!

GOOD! THE SHERIFF WILL PROTECT US! COME ON!
RIGHT!
RUMBLE!

LOOK, CHIEF... THEY'RE HEADING TOWARD TOWN!
AND STILL BURROWING! WE'LL CATCH THEM EASILY!
BANG!
TWOBOME & M.
POW!
FASTER, BUGS... THEY'RE GAINING ON US!
ULP!
RUMBLE!

OOPS! WATCH THOSE VARMINTS, THEY RE TURNIN' OFF!

FOLLOW ME, PORKY... INTO THIS MINE!

RIGHT!

MINE #2

INTO THE MINE, BOYS! WE CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY.

(WHEW.) COME ON, PORKY! LETS RUN!

I'LL BLOCK THE EXIT!

THEY CAN'T GET OUT OF HERE!

CLUNK!

AND THEY CAN T GET OUT HERE, EITHER!

CLUNK!

MINE #2

THAT LEAVES US JUST THE TOP. AFTER EM, BOYS!

BUT HOW...?

I GUESS WE WERE SO BUSY TUNNELING, THAT WE DIDN'T SEE THAT THE MOUNTAIN WAS HOLLOW!

BANG!

POW!

THESE TRACKS GIVE ME AN IDEA

BETTER HURRY! THEY'LL BE OUT OF THAT MOUNTAIN SOON.

FOLLOW ME, PORKY, AND TWIST THESE TRACKS AROUND!

RIGHT!

SOON...

THERE. WE'RE DONE, AND HERE COMES A TRAIN!

AND HERE COME THE OIL RUSTLERS!

ALL RIGHT, PORKY... START RUNNING!

YIPE!

GET THEM, MEN.

(WHEW!) WE JUST MADE IT.

BUT THEY'LL CATCH US AS SOON AS THE TRAIN PASSES!

I DON'T THINK SO OLD PAL. LOOK!

BUGS YOU'RE THE CLEVEREST RABBIT I KNOW.

DRAT THE LUCK... WE'RE TRAPPED!

BY THE TIME THE TRAIN STOPS, WE'LL HAVE THE SHERIFF BACK HERE!

THAT'S RIGHT!

TOWN

THEN WHY SO GLUM, OLD FRIEND?

WELL, I STILL DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO DRILL FOR OIL OR HARVEST CARROTS!

PORKY PIG

POLICE PASS THE SOUP

HMMM! ALMOST ELEVEN O'CLOCK... JUST ABOUT TIME TO CLOSE MY RESTAURANT!

PORKY'S PANTRY

PORK PANT

Menu

(YAWN!) I ALMOST HOPE I DON'T GET ANY CUSTOMERS! BOY, I'M SLEEPY!

MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE STREET...

THERE IT IS, SPIKE! INSIDE THAT JEWELRY STORE IS THE BIGGEST DIAMOND IN THE WORLD!

PORKY'S PANTRY

JEWELRY STORE

OURS FOR THE TAKING, EH, CLYDE?

DO WE CLIMB IN THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT, OR BREAK THROUGH A WINDOW?

THAT'S OLD STUFF!

WE MODERN BURGLARS OPERATE IN A MUCH TRICKIER STYLE!

NOT SO FAST, CLYDE! THIS BAG'S HEAVY!

HOLD IT, CLYDE — THIS ISN'T THE JEWELRY STORE!

DON'T LINGER, LAD! IT'S ALL PART OF MY PLAN!

AHEM!

OH-OH! CUSTOMERS! I'LL *HAVE* TO STAY OPEN!

TWO BOWLS OF SOUP, MY GOOD FRIEND!

YES, SIR! COMING UP!

GOOD, HE'S GONE! NOW TO GET TO WORK!

I DON'T GET IT, CLYDE!

HERE, PLAY THE JUKE BOX! WE'LL NEED SOME LOUD MUSIC!

MUSIC?

THIS IS RIDICULOUS! HOW CAN MUSIC HELP US ROB A JEWELRY STORE?

MY SWEETIE'S GOT THE BIGGEST FEET IN TOWN!

NOW WHAT, CLYDE?

WATCH A GENIUS AT WORK!

OBSERVE! I WILL TUNNEL THROUGH TO THE STORE NEXT DOOR!

NOW I GET IT! WHAT A BRAIN!

TWO PRETTY EYES...

BAM!

SMASH!

ONE OF THEM IS BROWN!

HOLD IT! HERE COMES OUR SOUP!

WE'LL JUST PUT THE BAG OVER THE HOLE FOR A MOMENT!

HERE YOU ARE, GENTLEMEN! (YAWN!)

25¢

THANK YOU, FRIEND!

A SHORT TIME LATER...

ANYTHING ELSE?

DELICIOUS! YES...WE'LL HAVE TWO MORE BOWLS, PLEASE!

25¢

YES (YAWN!) ... SIR!

QUICK! BACK TO THE DIGGING!

RIGHT!

25¢

WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP, CLYDE?

EAT A LITTLE FASTER NEXT TIME!

POW!

RATATATA-BAM!

HOLD IT, CLYDE, HE'S BACK AGAIN!

DRAT THE LUCK! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP ORDERING SOUP!

FIFTEEN BOWLS OF SOUP LATER.

(GULP!) I CAN'T EAT ANY MORE SOUP, CLYDE!

YOU MUST! WE HAVE TO FINISH THE TUNNEL!

BUT I'M BEGINNING TO SPLASH WHEN I WALK!

HERE! START THE MUSIC AGAIN!

LATER, IN THE KITCHEN...

BOY, DO THEY LOVE SOUP AND LOUD MUSIC! (YAWN!)

I'M BEGINNING TO GET SLEEPIER! I CAN HARDLY KEEP MY EYES OPEN!

BAM!

HUH?

OH-OH! I THINK HE HEARD THE EXPLOSION, CLYDE!

HMMM! LET ME DO THE TALKING!

YOU CALLED SIR? (YAWN.)

HUH? UH, OH, YES!

?

TWO MORE BOWLS OF THAT DELICIOUS SOUP!

(ULP!) OH, NO!

WHAT LUCK, SPIKE! WE'RE ALMOST THROUGH.

YOU'RE NOT KIDDING!

ONE MORE BOWL OF SOUP AND *LOOK OUT!*

WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF SOME OF THE DIRT AND ROCKS!

DO YOU HAVE A CIGAR, SPIKE?

YES, BUT...

GRAB SOME ROCKS AND LIGHT UP! HERE HE COMES WITH THE SOUP!

(YAWN!) HERE YOU ARE AGAIN!

UH, JUST A MINUTE, FRIEND!

25¢

WOULD YOU MIND EMPTYING THE ASH TRAYS? TERRIBLY UNTIDY!

YES, VERY!

?

25¢

GOSH. I AM SLEEPY! THESE ASHES LOOK JUST LIKE ROCKS!

CHUCKLE!

ONE HUNDRED BOWLS OF SOUP LATER...

(ULP!) I CAN'T MOVE, CLYDE! I'M STUFFED.

FORCE YOURSELF SPIKE. WE'RE ALMOST THROUGH TO THE JEWELRY STORE! COME ON!

CRASH!

BAM!

COMING, CLYDE!

HURRY! YOU HAVE TO HELP ME MOVE A ROCK!

(YAWN!) ANYTHING ELSE...? HUH? THEY'RE *GONE!* AND THEY *FORGOT TO PAY!*

SOON AFTER, IN THE JEWELRY STORE NEXT DOOR...

PUSH, SPIKE!

I AM!

CREAK!

EUREKA! SUCCESS!

WE MADE IT, CLYDE! NOW FOR THE DIAMOND!

HERE, LAD...LET ME HELP YOU!

RIGHT!

UH, JUST A MOMENT, SPIKE! I THINK WE GOOFED!

(ULP!) THE POLICE! BUT HOW...?

YOU DIDN'T PAY FOR YOUR SOUP, SO I CALLED THE POLICE!

(YAWN!)

SOON AS WE ARRIVED AND SAW THE HOLE IN THE FLOOR, WE PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER!

NOW YOU TWO WILL BE TOGETHER FOR A LONG TIME!

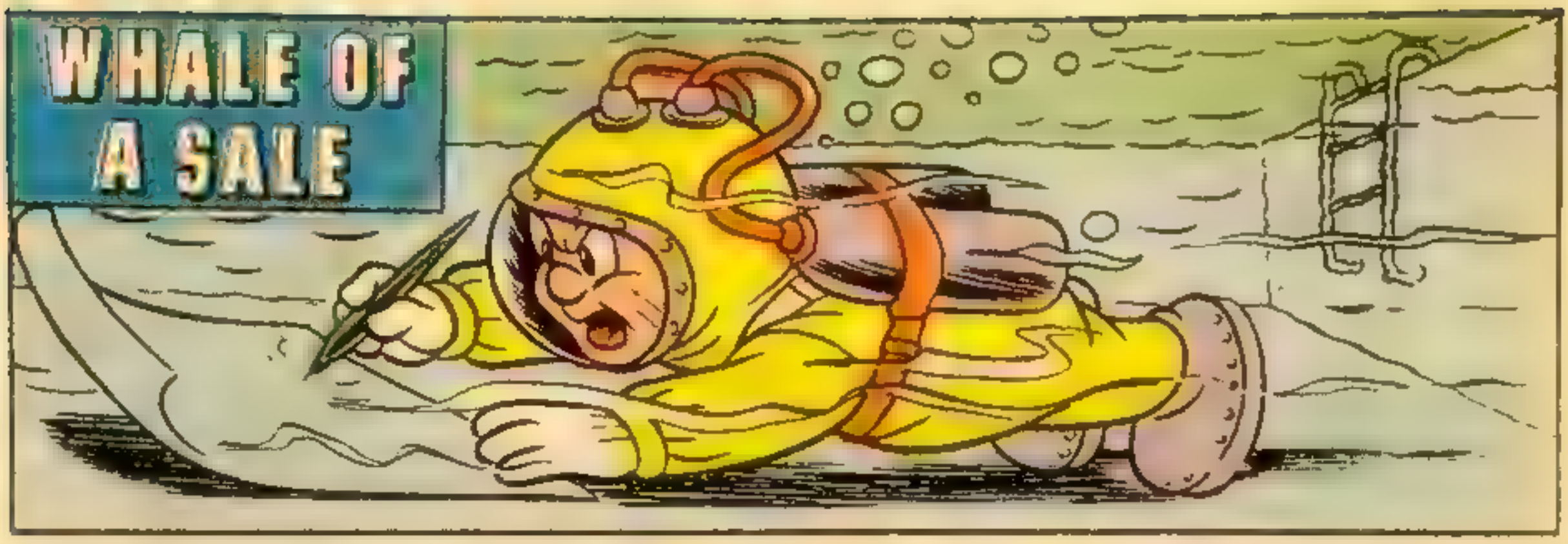
YOU'LL LIKE PRISON, THOUGH! WE HAVE A NEW SOUP DIET FOR OUR GUESTS!

GAAH!

(YAWN!) AT LAST I CAN CLOSE UP AND GO GET SOME SLEEP... HUH? QUARTER TO *SEVEN!?*

I GUESS I CAN'T CLOSE UP 'CAUSE IT'S TIME TO *OPEN* UP!

WHALE OF A SALE



Bugs Bunny, his salesman's kit in hand, paused before Elmer Fudd's house. "What was that that just sailed out of Elmer's house?" he wondered aloud.

In two leaps and three bounds, Bugs was at Elmer's doorstep—just in time to watch a very unhappy salesman get up from the ground, dust off his clothes, gather up his scattered wares and go limping away.

"Dwat it and twiple dwat it!" Elmer shouted from his front porch. "You peddlers stay away fwom my door!"

"Having trouble, Doc?" Bugs, hands on hips, questioned. "I take it the object I saw go sailing off your porch was the salesman you just threw out."

"You're darn wight it was," Elmer seethed. "These dwatted salesmen are always waking me up fwom my nap. And besides, they always get me to buy things that I don't weally want or need."

"They do?" Bugs asked craftily. "You might be—heh! heh!—what is called a sucker for a fast deal, eh?"

"Not any more," Elmer vowed solemnly. "No salesman is ever going to slicker me again. I've made up my mind."

"Look, Baldy," Bugs said with a sly wink. "I know how you can make sure you're never bothered by salesmen again."

"You do, my wabbit fwiend?" Elmer perked up happily.

"Sure! It's easy—just write a letter to the local business bureau and complain about these salesmen."

"A letter? That's all it takes?" Elmer asked, dumbfounded.

"Right, Doc."

"Gee whiz, wabbit, I'm going to write a letter to the business bureau wight now. But dwat it, I just wemembered that I'm out of stationery."

"Never fear, Baldy," Bugs grinned, holding up a reassuring hand. "I just happen to have some stationery that I can . . . uh . . . let you have at a very modest price."

"Gweat! Gweat! Here's your money."

But as Elmer started to go in the house, he said, "Heh, heh! I'm embawwassed to say, wabbit, that I lost my fountain pen yesterday, and . . ."

"Not another word, Doc," Bugs interrupted. "I will gladly sell you a wonderful fountain pen. It writes under water."

"Gee, wabbit, you're nice to me. Here's your money."

But before Elmer could open the door, Bugs called, "Oh, maybe I'd better tell you that the *only* place your new fountain pen *will* write *is* under water."

"But you know I don't have a place under water where I can write," Elmer stammered.

"Of course you don't. But if you were to build a swimming pool you'd be set!"

Whipping out a complete catalogue, Bugs continued, "Now here is a slick model that would fit nicely on your lot."

"But, wabbit, I can't hold my bweath all the time that I'm writing a letter under water," Elmer gulped.

"Nobody expects you to, Baldy. But with this nifty diving suit, you'll have oxygen enough for five whole hours."

Several days later as Elmer Fudd sat in his diving suit at the bottom of his pool, his fountain pen and stationery in hand, he looked up from the letter he was writing to the business bureau and mumbled, "Say, speaking of salesmen—you know, I'll bet that wascally wabbit sold *me* a bill of goods!"

MARY JANE and SNIFFLES

DUEL IN THE SKY

OH DEAR—OH ME. T HAPPENED AGA N LAST N GHT... SOMEBODY PULLED THE CARPET FROM JNDER THE TABLE AND VASE IN MY DOLL HOUSE!... AND THIS TIME THERE S A LITTLE HOLE IN THE CARPET!

MAKE YOURSELF SMALL AND WE'LL PUT THINGS IN ORDER AGAIN, MARY JANE!

NOW I SHUT MY EYES REAL T.GHT, THEN I WISH WITH ALL MY M GHT MAGIC WORDS OF POOF, POOF E FFLES, MAKE ME JUST AS SMALL AS SN FFLES!

I WONDER WHO KEEPS DO'NG THIS?

NE'LL, THERE'S ONE SURE WAY TO FIND OUT AND PUT A STOP TO T...

LET'S WAIT HERE IN THE DARK TONIGHT AND CATCH THE DOLLHOUSE-WRECKER IN THE ACT.

AND SO, THAT NIGHT...

I THOUGHT I D BE AFRA D BJT I M NOT!

THAT S JJST 'CAJSE NO CULPRIT HAS SHOWN UP YET, MARY JANE!

(SIGH!) I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER! I'LL HAVE TO GIVE MYSELF AWAY!

EEK — LOOK, MARY JANE.

WHY, I HAVE A LITTLE FLYING CARPET.

QUICK, SNIFFLES! GRAB IT.

PLEASE LET GO! I'VE GOT TO HELP MY CARPET PALS IN *SWAMILAND* WHO ARE BEING BULLIED BY OLD *WEAVELY BROADLOOM!*

DEAR ME! BUT WHY DO YOU ONLY GO AT NIGHT?

WELL... SWAM LAND IS A NIGHT TIME PLACE ONLY. A MYSTIC MAGICLAND! ER... I'D LIKE TO GO NOW, PLEASE! OKAY?

SURE! LET HIM GO, MARY JANE!

WELL...ON ONE CONDITION...

SO... YOU SEE I WANT TO GO ALONG, TOO, BECAUSE I MAY BE ABLE TO HELP!

THANKS BUT WEAVELY BROADLOOM IS *SO BIG* THAT IT'S SORT OF A HOPELESS BATTLE!

YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN WHEN WE PASS THROUGH THAT GOLDEN CLOUD AND ARRIVE IN SWAMILAND!

OOH. A LITTLE BLUE LAKE, AND WHAT CUTE LITTLE *TOWERS!*

LOVELY? *HAH!* LOOK HOW WEAVELY BROADLOOM IS FORCING MY LITTLE PALS DOWN ONTO THOSE POINTED SPIRES!

HAR-HO HAVE A HOLE IN YOUR HEADS, YA LITTLE RUNTS.

HA-P!

OUCH!

COME ON, FELLAS.. INTO FORMATION FOR AN ATTACK:

OKAY, BUT WE NEVER DO ANY GOOD:

SOME DAY.. MAYBE. WE'LL CATCH HIM AT A WEAK MOMENT AND FORCE *HIM* DOWN FOR A CHANGE!

OOH!

OW!

YOW!

HAR-HO! I NEVER HAVE ANY WEAK MOMENTS.

(UGH!) OOF! IT'S SO HARD TO GET STRAIGHTENED OUT AGAIN SO WE CAN FLY AWAY!

HMM! SO YOU HAVE TO BE SPREAD OUT TO FLY, EH?

RIGHT! COME ON NOW. LET'S SCATTER WITH THE REST OF THE RUGS!

NO! LEAVE US HERE! I HAVE A PLAN.

I'D BETTER BE GOOD... THE BIG BULLY'S LOOKING NOW.

GRAB HIS EDGE, PLEASE, SNIFFLES!

YI-I! I'D HATE TO MISS!

PULL, SNIFFLES!

HAR-HO! YOU CAN'T HURT BIG OL' TOUGH-FIBERED ME! HAR-HO!

OH-OH.

S-STOP ROLLING ME UP. S-STOP!

SORRY. YOU'RE GOING *DOWN*, BIG BOY

YOU...YOU'LL ONLY HURT *YOURSELVES* IF I FALL...AND ONE MORE ROLL AND I WILL!

HMM! ONE MORE SECOND AND *WE WILL!*

NOW, SNIFFLES! THAT'S IT!

AWK! WHAT A PLACE YOU PICKED!

W-WATER'S NO GOOD FOR RUGS!

MAYBE THIS WILL TEACH YOU A LESSON!

SPLASH!

IT D D MORE THAN THAT ...JUST LOOK!

HMM... AT THE RATE YOU'RE GOING, YOU'LL NOT BE ABLE TO BE A BULLY MUCH LONGER!

YAY! WEAVELY BROADLOOM *SHRANK!*

HE S NO BIGGER THAN THE REST OF US NOW!

HA, HA, HA!

(GROAN') JUST CALL ME *MEASLY* NOW!

NO MORE TROUBLE FOR MY PALS! FROM NOW ON, I CAN STAY HOME IN YOUR DOLL HOUSE, MARY JANE!

I'M GLAD!

WELL... *ONCE* IN A WHILE I MIGHT FEEL LIKE A *SHORT FLIGHT* JUST TO KEEP IN PRACTICE!

UM-HUH! THEN I GUESS I'D BETTER PLAN ON THAT!

AND SO...

GOSH, MARY JANE... THE *ROOF* IS NO PLACE FOR A *CARPET!*

IT'S JUST THE PLACE WHEN THE CARPET'S THE *FLIGHTY* TYPE.

DAFFY DUCK

BOUNCING BEDLAM

OH, HOW I WISH I HAD A BED TONIGHT! AND I DON'T MEAN A HAYSTACK!

WISH!

WISH!

WISH!

JUST THEN...

I WOULDN'T THINK OF WETTING WITHOUT LETTING IN *FWESH AIR!*

OH, DWAT! I LET IN A FWESH *DUCK*, TOO!

THE BED OF MY DREAMS MUST BE A SUPER SACK...A...

WHAT? HAS MY WISH REALLY BEEN GRANTED?

YOU WILL BE SOWWY IF YOU LAND ON THAT BED, YOU *WASCAL!*

WOO WOO!

OUCH!

I WARNED YOU HA,HA! I HAVE A VEWY HARD MATWESS!

WHACK!

(GROAN!) YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH I WANT, A BED!

I WON T TURN DOWN A WEARY TWAVELER! YOU MAY HAVE THE GUEST ROOM!

SHOW ME TO IT, FUDDY BUDDY!

I TWUST THIS BED WILL MEET WITH YOUR APPWOVAL!

OH, *THIS* IS MORE WHAT I HAD IN *MIND!*

THEN WHY DON'T YOU QUIETLY GO TO SLEEP?

WOO WOO! WOO WOO!

YIPPEE!

OH, I D DN'T WANT A BED TO *SLEEP* IN!

I JUST WANT .T FOR *BOUNCING!*

BOING! BOING!

I _L SETTLE H.M DOWN!

MAN, IS THiS FUN!

WOO! WOO!

HELP! I M STUCK.

AND I TWUST YOU WILL STAY STUCK! HEH, HEH!

ZIP!

WHILE HE TWIES TO EXTWICATE HIMSELF FWOM THOSE SPWINGS, I WILL GET A GOOD NIGHT S WEST!

HELP!
GRUNT!
SCRINCK!
UGH!
TOAK!

I'LL LET HIM STWUGGLE TILL HE SUCCUMBS TO EXHAUSTION!

NOW *THIS* WON'T COME OFF!

BOING!

SPROING!

PLEASE, FUDDSY, JUST ONE LITTLE FAVOR?

NO!

HEY! T CAME LOOSE!

BOING!

SAY! THAT WAS CLEVER THE WAY YOU GOT IT OFF ME:

GWUNT!
STWUGGLE!

NOW I'D HELP *YOU* OUT OF IT, BUT YOU KNOW HOW CLUMSY I AM!

I AM QUITE CAPABLE OF WEMOVING IT!

HMM... I HAVE A BED UPSTAIRS I WANT YOU TO TWY!

GLAD TO OBLIGE.

PWAY, ALLOW ME TO HELP YOU N!

THIS BED IS WEALLY THE BOUNCIEST!

HEY! THIS IS SORT OF CLOSE QUARTERS!

THEN YOU SHOULD SLEEP TIGHT, MY FWIEND!

SLAM

NOW FOR A NICE, PEACEFUL WEST!

HELP!

AACK!

DON'T TELL ME *YOU'VE* TAKEN UP BED BOUNCING, TOO!

BETTER PULL ME OUT!

(SIGH!) I CAN'T SLEEP WITH A DUCK TWOPHY ON MY WALL!

THIS IS WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A *DAFFY* PULL!

GWUNT!

COME ALONG! I'LL PUT BEDCLOTHES ON A BWAND NEW LITTLE BED I WECENTLY BOUGHT!

IT'S ALL WEADY.

HOP WIGHT ON. YOJ LL WEALLY JUMP FOR JOY.

I HATE TO PUT YOU TO ALL THIS TROUBLE!

CRACK!

OUCH!

THE TWOUBLE IS ALL YOURS, MY FWIEND!

TH S IS MY NEW TWAMPOLINE! HEH,HEH!

H-HOW DO YOU STOP BOUNCING, FUDDSY?

THOOMP!

I'LL SHOW YOU THE TWICK TOMORROW:

HERE-MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE!

THOOMP!

EGAD! I'VE TURNED INTO A REGULAR BOUNDER!

Z-Z-Z-Z-

TWEETY and SYLVESTER

the SHOOK COOK

HERE COMES PUDDY TAT LOADED DOWN W TH PACKAGES! PWOBABLY CANAWY TWAPS AND STUFF! IT'S NICE TO FEEL WANTED.. AND PUDDY SURE WANTS ME!

HI, PUDDY WUDDY! WHAT DO YOU HAVE THERE? GUNS AND NETS AND STUFF LIKE THAT?

NOPE. (PUFF, PANT) SORRY TO DISAPPO NT YOU!

I GET IT! WEIGHT-L FT NG EQU PMENT TO BU LD UP YOUR MUSCLES TO CATCH ME AND A COOK BOOK TO F GURE OUT WAYS TO SERVE A TWEETY BIRD.

WRONG AGA.N!

I VE GIVEN UP TRYING TO CATCH YOU! TH S IS A COOK BOOK TO TEACH ME HOW TO MAKE HEALTH FOODS! I M GO NG TO LIVE ON VEGETABLE YUMMIES AND FORGET ALL ABOUT UNHEALTHY TWEETY POT PIE!

COOK BOOK

B-BUT THE WEIGHT-L FT NG EQUIPMENT!?

THAT'S JUST TO KEEP MYSELF IN SHAPE ON MY NEW HEALTH PROGRAM! ESPEC.ALLY, S NCE I WON'T BE GETT NG THE EXERC SE CHAS.NG YOU AROUND.

HA, HA! NO MORE GETT.NG BANGED JP WHILE I TRY AND CATCH YOU! FROM NOW ON I LEAD A SAFE, HEALTHY LIFE.

ULP!

IF PUDDY DOESN'T CHASE ME, I WON'T GET ANY EXERC.SE, E!THER! I VE GOT TO F GURE OUT A WAY TO MAKE HIM HAVE A TWEETY APPETITE AGAIN!

HMMMM, THAT SOUNDS GOOD!

HEY, PUDDY...

HERBS À LA HEARTBURN-

DOESN'T THIS LOOK DELICIOUS?

SURE, BUT ONCE I GOT THERE YOU'D FLY AWAY! SO I'M NOT *BITING!*

COOK BOOK

BESIDES, WHO NEEDS YOU WITH ALL THESE NICE VEGETABLE VITTLES?

(SOB!) I'M JJST AN UNWANTED OLD TWEETY BIRD!

LATER...

NOW FOR A LITTLE WORKOUT AFTER A DELICIOUS LUNCH OF FRIED FRONDS AND SHRUB GRUB!

I WON'T LET SYLVESTER GET AWAY WITH IGNORING ME LIKE THIS!

ONE...TWO...ONE...TWO...

COME ON, SYLVESTER, PLEASE LET ME PLAY, TOO!

SURE! HERE!

ULP!

THUD!

WHAT'S THE MATTER TWEETY? OUT OF CONDITION? HEH, HEH, HEH!

VEWY FUNNY.

WHILE PUDDY TWIES TO BUILD UP HIS *MUSCLES*, I'LL USE MY SUPERIOR *BWAIN*, SO HE WON'T BE ABLE TO THINK ABOUT ANYTHING BUT DELICIOUS TWEETY BIRDS.

HEH, HEH! THIS IS A MEAN TWICK, BUT I JUST HATE TO LOSE MY FAVOWITE PLAYMATE!

NOW I'LL JUST START MAKING UP SOME OF MY OWN SPECIAL WECIPES AND LABELS!

THIS IS GOING TO BE FUN!

GLUE

LATER...

HO-HUMM! I GUESS IT'S ABOUT DINNERTIME! I'LL GO IN AND LOOK UP SOME LUSCIOUS RECIPE!

THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS!

NOW LET'S SEE WHAT WE HAVE IN HERE.

I COULD TELL HIM, BUT WHY WUIN A SURPWISE?

COOK BOOK

(ULP!) NOT THAT ONE!

NOT A BAD DWAW.NG, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!

SOUTHERN FRIED TWEETY

I'LL JUST FLIP TO ANOTHER...YIPE!

TWEETY À LA K NG.

TWEETY CHOW MEIN! TWEETY PIZZA. YEEK! I'M GOING WHACKY!

WHEN HE LOOKS IN THE CUPBOARD HE WON'T BE *GOING!* HE'LL BE GONE, MAN, GONE!

THIS COOK BOOK STUFF ISN'T FOR ME! I CAN SEE THAT! I'LL JUST GO TO THE CUPBOARD AND SEE WHAT I CAN RUSTLE UP!

TWEETY T.V. SNACKS

TWEETY GUMBO

TWEETY CHIPS

YEEEK. I HAVE TO GET OUT OF THIS KITCHEN.

TWEETY TIDBITS

TWEETY POT PIE

TWEETY NOODLE SOUP

TWEETY FLAKES "SNAP CRACKLE AND CHIRP"

WHEW. THE STRAIN OF ALL THAT EXERCISE AND RESTRAINING MYSELF FROM NABBING THAT BIRD HAS DRIVEN ME TWEETY HAPPY! AND THERE'S THE ONLY CURE...

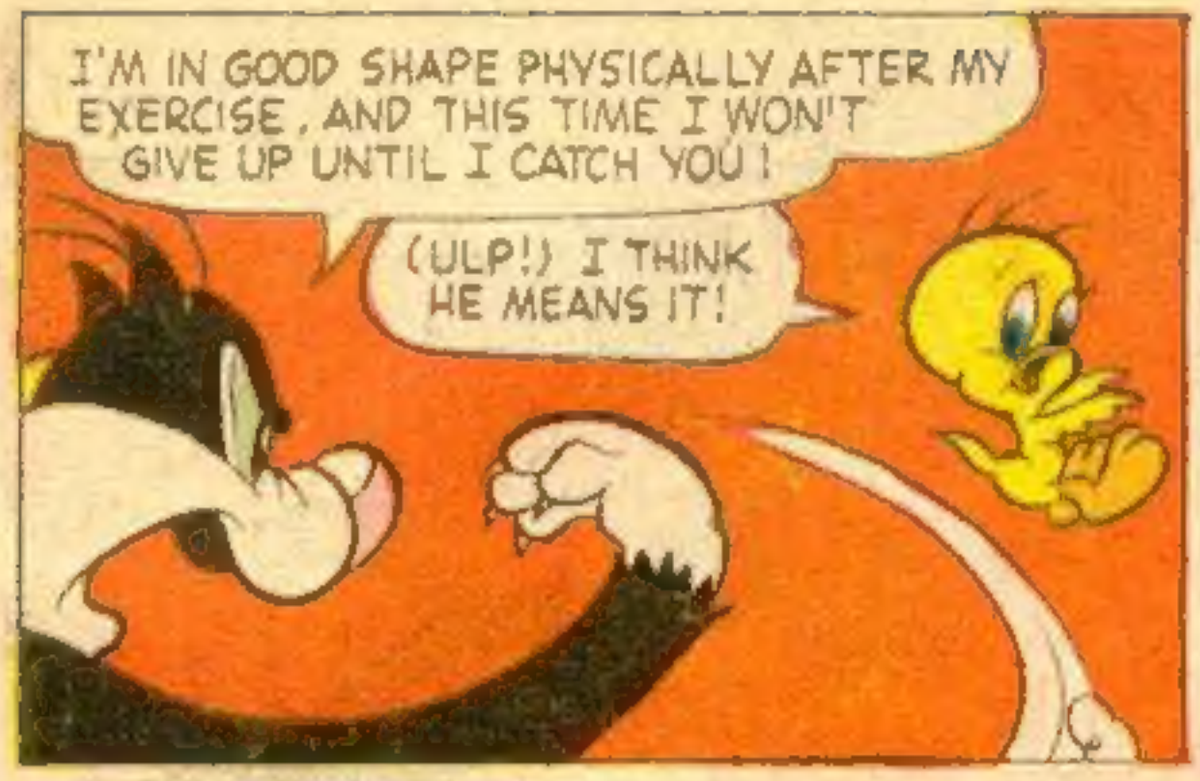
A TWEETY BIRD!

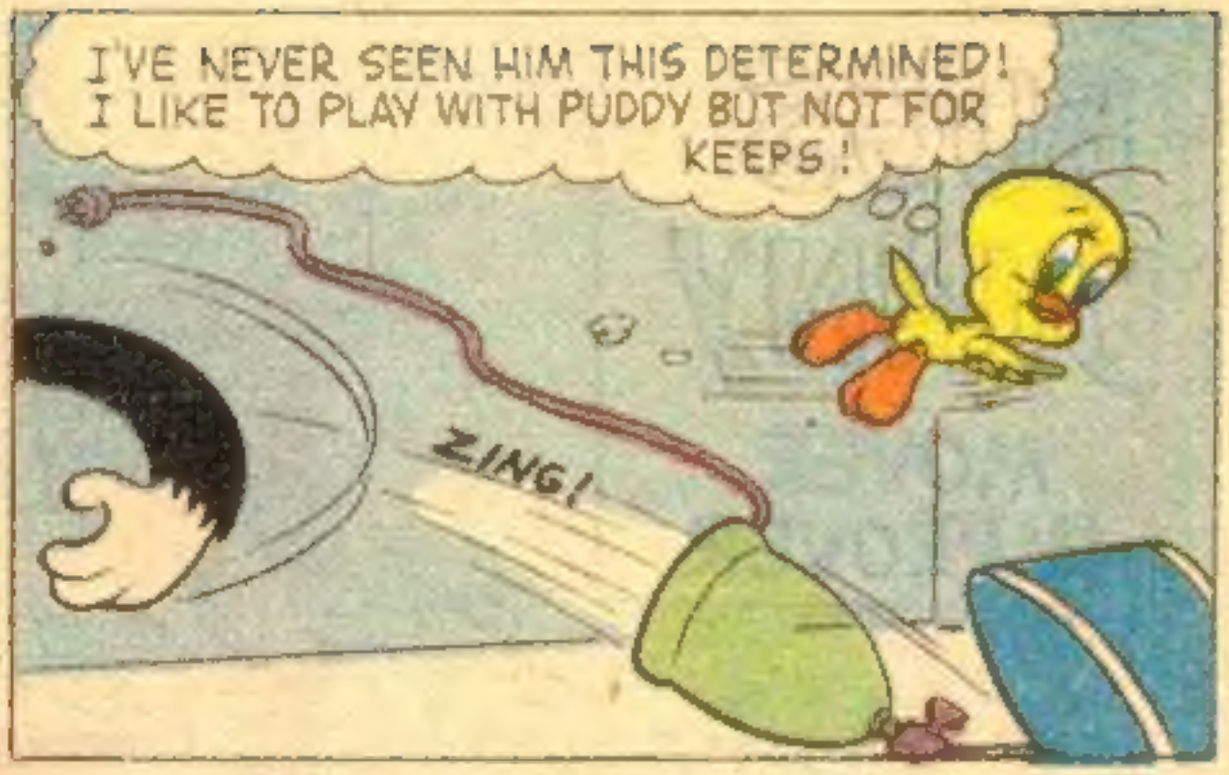
DRAT! MISSED.

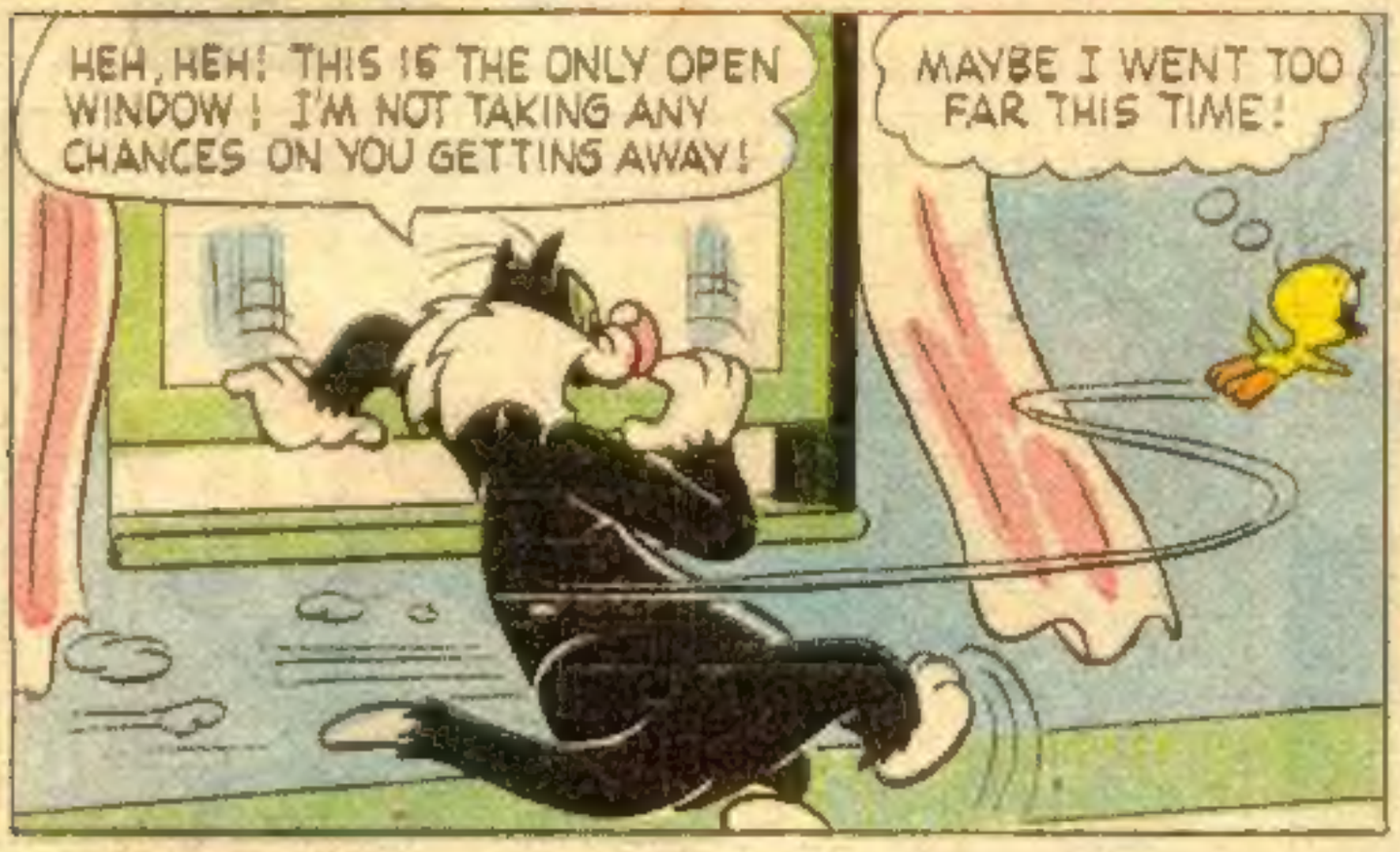
TSK, TSK! I THOUGHT YOU'D CHANGED! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HEALTH ROUTINE?

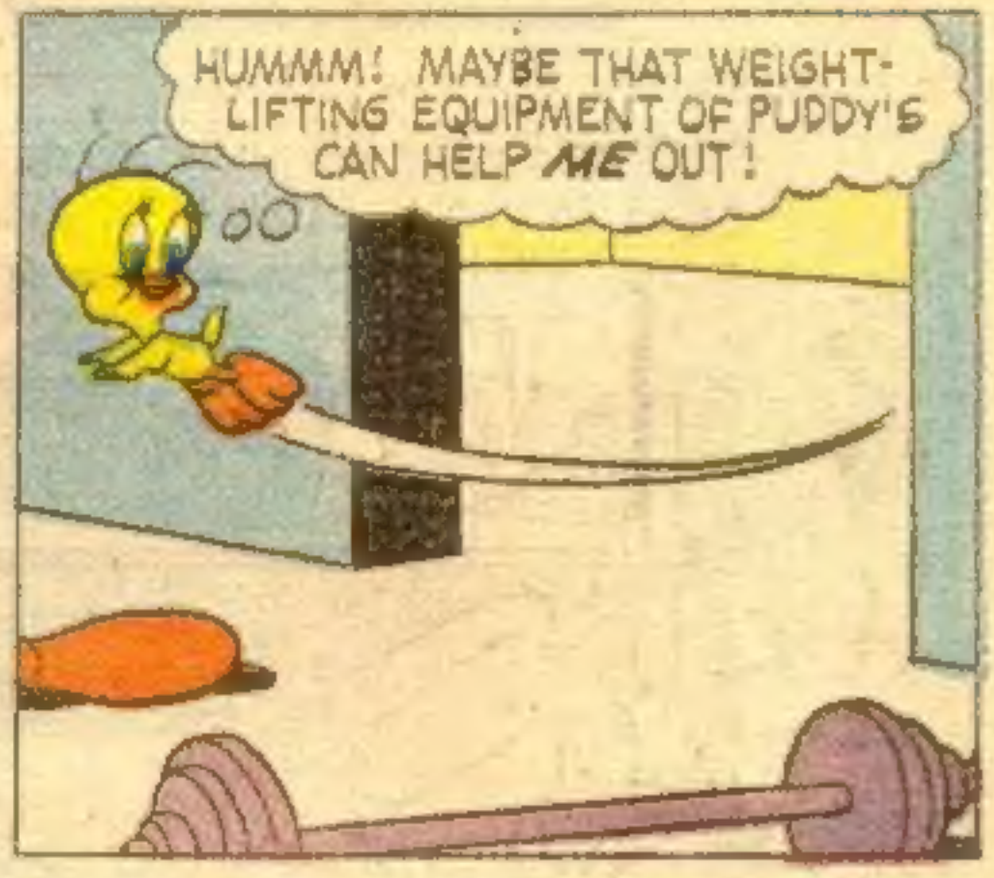
THE HEALTHIEST THING I CAN THINK OF IS FOR ME TO CATCH *YOU!*

HEH, HEH! I'M AFRAID WE HAVE A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION THERE!









STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (74 Stat. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF

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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. The owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Estate of Margarita E. Delacorte, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was 459,344.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1960

JOHN C. WEBER
(Seal) (My commission expires March 30, 1962)

BUGS BUNNY

MOVER IMPROVER

I THOUGHT WE WERE THROUGH !

ELMER and BUGS MOVERS

QUIT GOOFING OFF, YOU LAZY WABBIT ! WE'VE GOT MORE STUFF TO MOVE !

THERE'S THAT TWUNK ! GWAB ONE END AND LET'S GET IT OVER WITH !

UGH ! THIS THING MUST BE FULL OF CEMENT ! I'LL NEVER MAKE IT TO THE TRUCK !

IF I CAN, YOU CAN, LAZY !

HOLD IT, FUDDSY ! I'VE GOT THE SOLUTION !

THUD !

THERE'S SOMETHING IN HERE THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF THE PROBLEM !

NOT SO FAST, ELMER ! IT MIGHT SLIP OFF THE STOOL !

ELMER FUDD

TURNABOUT

This is a Beaverbear

A beaverbear is always hungry as
a bear for chewy Kraft Caramels
and busy as a beaver 'cause,
while he's eating one Kraft
Caramel he's unwrapping another.

Two kinds. Chocolate or Vanilla. Take
your choice in bars of 6 or get *both*
in bags—they're a bargain either way!

See Perry Como's Kraft Music Hall, NBC-TV, Wednesday nights

Kraft makes Caramels like Kraft makes everything-and that's good!